Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place
In every generation;
Thy people still have known Thy grace,
And blessed Thy consolation;
Through every age Thou heard’st our cry;
Through every age we found Thee nigh,
Our Strength and our Salvation.

Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft Thy patience provèd;
But still Thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy Name we still have lovèd;
And Thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in Thee to dwell,
Unshaken, unremovèd.

No, nothing from those arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever;
Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee,
Our dwelling place Thou still wilt be,
For ever and for ever.

Thomas H. Gill

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